

# “MATCH” ME IF YOU CAN

The poems below are based on items used by the people of Black Kettle’s camp or the 7<sup>th</sup> Cavalry, put the correct number from the words column in the empty space after each definition.

## Definition

I’m home to quohogs, dentalium, and abalone so bright  
I am worn upon dresses and in necklaces I fit tight  
Traded from place to place, for days, months, and years  
You might see me hanging from the right or left ears  
Wampum, hair-pipe, and conch are each my own name  
But the great thing about me is that no two are the same \_\_\_\_\_

I was worn by the soldiers secured in a sling  
But just pull my trigger to hear the lead sing  
For hunting or war they say I am really quite nifty  
What makes them say that must be my caliber fifty  
When I first was a musket my shots had slow moves  
But that all changed later when I was rifled with grooves \_\_\_\_\_

I’m made by the hands of men with great patience and skill  
And shot into the bodies of bison and other game to kill  
I am grooved and feathered so in flight I won’t tarry  
I come from the dogwood, plum, currant and cherry  
Worn in a quiver so that I won’t get broken or bent  
My point is now iron, but was once made of flint \_\_\_\_\_

They say I’m a pigment and worth a fair price  
When I’m rubbed on the body, boy I look nice  
Sometimes I am taken and smeared all over the head  
I guess that’s because I’m such a beautiful bright red  
But sometimes they shouldn’t use me, just lay me aside  
Because the mercury I’m made of can wrinkle your hide \_\_\_\_\_

From Ireland I first came, what a perfect rollicking old tune  
Custers men wanting to play me ‘neath the bright Washita moon  
A song of the 7<sup>th</sup>, belted out by the men of the band  
Never before heard in this wild Plains Indian land  
On the frozen lips of musicians nary a note could they play  
So hardly any of me was heard on that fateful cold day \_\_\_\_\_

On drums, shields and sheaths I’m bound and stretched tight  
And after I dry out you can hardly bend me, try as you might  
I’m staked down and scraped thoroughly, but stopped short of a tan  
And used most days in the village by every woman and man  
Creased and folded into boxes, or cut for the soul of a shoe  
But sometimes cooked until boiling and made into fine glue \_\_\_\_\_

## Words

1. Arrow
2. Garry Owen
3. Vermillion
4. Rawhide
5. Shell
6. Carbine

Answer Key: I’m home to quohogs...	<u>5 Shell</u>
I was worn by the soldiers...	<u>6 Carbine</u>
I’m made by the hands...	<u>1 Arrow</u>
They say I’m a pigment...	<u>3 Vermillion</u>
From Ireland I first came...	<u>2 Garry Owen</u>
On drums, shields and...	<u>4 Rawhide</u>